

Project Drabble

by Reensiel7

Category: H.I.V.E.

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-10-31 01:40:54

Updated: 2013-04-21 15:32:23

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:01:53

Rating: K+

Chapters: 24

Words: 11,335

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A collection of beautifully written drabbles, ficlets and one-shots, featuring different authors, bringing their different unique styles! Warning: These drabbles may include fab four shippings, OCs and/or next gens! The newest chap is featuring: Ottofiles 2

1. Reensiel7: Call Him a Ninja

****Hi HIVE fandom! _Project Drabble_. Cool name eh? ****

****Hehe anyways, it's pretty much everything that's described in the description.****

****This is basically a collection of drabbles, written by different authors. The goal for _Project Drabble _is to have as many amazing drabbles as possible! ;) ****

****Now that I've gotten that out of the wayâ€|****

****This first drabble is an extremely short fic (under 100 words) written by yours truly! ****

****So without further adieu:****

*** * ***

><p>~Call him a Ninja ~**

*** * ***

><p>A pudgy four year old, Ariana Fanchu, reached up with all her might for the lone jar on the ever-high kitchen counter. Having no luck, she finally gave up and trudged over to her mother, who was in the media room, reading her new Fashion Magazine.

"Mommy," Ariana climbed up on the couch and cuddled close to her

mom.

"Yes dear?" replied the beautiful blonde women, as she lightly stroked her daughter's hair.

"What's Daddy's job?"

Shelby looked down at the girl and gave her a knowing smile, "Well I guess you could call him a ninja."

* * *

><p>Short right?

Well no worries, the next fic will be coming from a great writer and man, is it an awesome story! :D

One last note before I sign out:

For ANYONE who would like to be involved with _Project Drabble_, then PM me :) New authors are welcomed. And don't worry about if your drabbles are terrible, because they probably aren't ;)

**EDIT {07/19/12} Drabble submissions are officially _closed_. I apologize for any anxious drabble writers ** who haven't had the chance to write! I'm extremely grateful for all of the amazing drabbles I've recieved for this fic and I thank you guys from the bottom of my heart *hug* And I give an extra big hug to my readers! *extrabighug* **

Catch ya later!

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

2. Shnizel: A Trip Down Memory Lane

Hey everyone, Reensiel7 here! This Drabble is brought from a fellow HIVE writer and my good friend, Shnizel! This one is a smidge longer; you could classify this as a ficlet. I'm happy as long as it's fewer than 500 words ;) Anyways this fic is awesome! Take it away Shnizel:

* * *

><p>For all my adoring fans (yeah right) I bring you this drabble, requested from
my friend Reensiel7 to add to this no doubt cracking collection. ENJOY! :D**

* * *

><p>~ A __**Trip **__**Down **__**Memory
__Lane ~**_

* * *

><p>Wing felt uncomfortable sat where he was; wedged between the parents of the girl he loved. To his left sat a woman with blonde hair, fastened in a bun. To his right, a well-dressed man in his late forties.<p>

The boy kept his back straight and concentrated on the glass in his hand. But he couldn't block out the stream of questions that were constantly thrown at him.

_How __old __are __you?

>_

>Sixteen.
__

>How _long __have __you__known __each __other?

>_

>Three _years.

>_

>Where _did __you __meet?

>_

>At _school.

>_

>What _do __your __parents __do?

>_

>They're _dead.__

>

>The room became silent for a moment as they digested that piece of information. And then the two began rapidly talking again, saying how sorry they were. Wing nodded. What could he say?<p>

Opposite him sat Otto and Laura quietly talking amongst themselves. The albino was laughing at something the red head had said. Shelby lounged on a sofa nearby, plucking an occasional biscuit from a plate on the table in front of them. As he looked over to her, she gave him an apologetic smile and shrugged.

The boy let his eyes wander, the background voices blending away. Above them hung a grand chandelier, crystals sparkling in the light. To their left an ornate fireplace stood, flames crackling in the grate. Flowers and tropical plants lined the room in intricate vases. Wing noticed that there wasn't a single family photo in the entire room. Rather oil paintings from a bygone era.

"Jonathan dear. Go and fetch the album would you." Shelby's mum said. Wing snapped out of his trance and watched as the man got up and left the room.

"The album?" Shelby asked, confused. "What album?"

"Never you mind." Her mum replied, a twinkle in her eyes. "You'll see soon enough."

A moment passed.

"Here we are." Shelby's dad had just walked back into the room, carrying what looked like a scrapbook. He came and sat back down on the sofa, which sank under his weight, then passed the album over to his wife.

"Thanks darling." She said, flicking open the book. The woman placed it across hers and Wing's knees making him squirm uncomfortably.

"Now who wants to see Shelby's baby photographs?"

"What! You've got baby photos of me?" The girl exclaimed. "Hide them

now!"

She tried to take them from her mum, but her dad grabbed her around the waist and sat her firmly beside him. Wing flinched expecting the sofa to drop, but luckily it did not.

He glanced across and realised that Otto was grinning at him like a maniac, a gleam in his eyes.

"You don't mind if Laura and I have a look as well do you, Mrs Trinity?" He asked, his grin broadening.

"Of course not dear." She replied.

"_Nooooooooooooooooo_!" Shelby screamed

* * *

><p>Want more of Shnizel? Check out Two _of __a __kind_! It's a great story!**

Oh and I'd also like to take the time to explain the format for this story. As you can tell, I wrote the first fic (_Call __him __a __Ninja_) and Shnizel wrote this fic! That's pretty much what I'm going to do. Post a fic a week, and alternate between a guest author and me! Some people may even write more than one in this collection!

Keep your eyes peeled because in two weeks, we'll have another guest author!

Or you know, you could check out another fic by moi in one week xD

**Read and Review please ;) **

3. Reensiel7: An Emotional Goodbye

This next drabble is from moi! :)

**Disclaimer: Mark Walden owns everything, except for Tom. Cuz Tom is all mine. ;) **

* * *

><p>~ An _Emotional __Goodbye_ ~**

* * *

><p>A young man stood outside, leaning against a nearby tree, watching as the crowd lightened. He combed his fingers through his dusty blonde hair. Tom tried so hard to ignore the tears that were threatening to be exposed.<p>

A few man and woman had come over to shake hands, give hugs and share their condolences. But Tom just stood there, limp and silent.

Finally everyone had left the spot, except for a man. The man

appeared to be in his late forties. He had dark hair with a few gray strands peaking out here and there.

Tom walked over to the bleak man and stood beside him, fighting the urge to look inside the dark hole that lay in front of him.

"I'm very sorry for your loss Mr. Fanchu," the man told Tom.

Tom Fanchu swallowed hard.

"I am too Dr. Nero," Tom replied to the man.

Dr. Nero put a hand on Tom's shoulder, "Emotion is not a disadvantage. I tried explaining that to your father too."

Tom looked inside the grave. There were his parents, smiling up at him, looking as tranquil as ever. They were holding hands.

Emotions surged through Tom as tears waterfalled down his face.

"Come Tom, let's get you home. To HIVE," Dr. Nero said, his voice cracking as he led the weeping boy off.

* * *

><p>What did you think? Kind of a sad addition eh? This was probably the hardest fic I've ever written.

Please Review :)

If I have enough reviews, maybe I'll post the next chapter sooner ;)

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

4. Fly: Complicated Matters

Hi guys! First off, I want to say how SORRY I am for not updating last week! You guys have been very patient and I thank you for that :) I could bore you with excuses and stuff but honestly, I doubt that any of you care xD So let's get on with this fic!

This next one is written by probably one of my very good friends, I__'__mTheGirlWhoLearnedToFly (or in short form, Fly). She has been a part of the HIVE fangirls group for a LONG time! And recently she posted her two-shot (maybe three? *she asks hopefully*) called Hijacking the PA system. I definitely think that is an AMAZING fic and if you haven't read it yet, then you should! Enjoy this drabble (I certainly did)!

Take it away Fly!

* * *

><p>The problem with NeroXRaven is that I never see it happening. The only time I see them going solidly cannon is when Raven is dying because she took a bullet for Nero or something highly dramatic like that, and THEN the penny will drop, and THEN Nero will

realize he loves her, and THEN Daughtry will play somewhere in the background, "Baby before it's too late...what about now..."

****And then Raven will die.****

****Which kind of sucks, you know.****

****If I owned HIVE, this would _never_ be the case. No bended-knee-with-rings rubbish, but _just_ enough proof to indisputably make it cannon. But I don't own HIVE, which is why I'm forced to write N/R fanfics instead ;)****

* * *

><p>~Complicated Matters~_

* * *

><p>The radio crackled to life. "Be careful...underestimating Raven is a mistake
only those with a death wish make."
>The man sneered. "Don't worry...Nero's girlfriend has met her match. We don't
need to worry about her anymore."
>"You know, I get tired of hearing that," a voice behind him sighed, and he
spun around in horror. Raven was wounded, _very_ annoyed, but very much alive.
>Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for him
anymore.<p>

(-)(-)(-)

HIVEmind raised his eyebrows as Raven sheathed her katanas.
"Girlfriend?"
>"Not one word!" she snapped, turning an almost imperceptible shade of pink.
HIVEmind decided against telling Raven that Dr Nero could probably hear
>everything through her comms feed. It was best, he decided, to
not..._complicate_ matters.

* * *

><p>Meh€I'm starting to think that the author's notes are longer then the actual story. Eh€whatever!

****Review! Especially if you loved Fly's fic here ;)****

****~Reensiel7 (^_^)****

5. Reensiel7: Welcome to HIVE

****Hey guys! So this one is written by moi! This is going to be short and sweet (200 words) Hope you find it awesome!****

* * *

><p>~Welcome to_ HIVE~_**

* * *

><p>Heather quickly ran across the rough pavement while evading several obstacles. Doing a front flip over the trench of mud, she ran across the finish line.<p>

"There," she said panting, "How was my time?"

"Acceptable," the woman replied. She was intrigued by Heather. She had all the right skills for this scholarship.

"So am I in?" Heather asked. She was calm on the outside, but hoping that she would get accepted in this so called 'hotsy totsyt' new boarding school. The brochure featured amazing facilities. It also had a great athletics program. Something that she looked _very _forward to.

The dark haired woman smiled, "You have potential. Of course. You are _accepted_."

The girl smirked with delight. But smirk disappeared as fast as it had appeared. The woman...had a _russian _accent. That was _odd._

"What was your name again?" Heather asked, tilting her head in suspicion.

"You can call me..._Raven_."

Heather's eyes widened in shock as large gun-type machine was pointed at her. Raven shot the gun at her chest and caught the unconscious girl before she hit the hard ground. Slinging the woman over her shoulder, she called the shroud.

"Welcome to HIVE," Raven muttered.

* * *

><p>What did you think?

The blue button down there is just waiting for you. _You know you want to review!_

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

6. Falcon31: Happy Birthday

This one is by Falcon31! She is a very talented and accomplished writer in the fandom! Perhaps you have read some of her work? Well in a nutshell, some of her fics include: _The Drunken Headteacher_, _April Fool's Day at HIVE_ and her new fantastic story, _For the Love of an Assassin_. _Well _DUH!_ Of course you've read her stories. Who hasn't? And now I'm starting to ramble. I present to you...Falcon! ;D

* * *

><p>A **short ****drabble ****featuring ****a ****smattering ****of f****luffiness ****and ****humour. ****Maybe ****a ****little ****OOC. ****And ****of ****course, ****all ****characters ****belong ****to ****Mark ****Walden ****(and ****not

***me)**

* * *

><p>~Happy Birthday~**

* * *

><p>Raven strode down the corridor, pupils at HIVE parting before her, shooting nervous glances at the woman over their shoulders or trying to make themselves invisible. She didn't really notice this though, her thoughts were occupied on something else, she felt strange, something nagged at her mind but she couldn't tell what...suddenly she remembered, with a feeling of slight sadness. It was her birthday.<p>

It had never been a happy event for her...

She shook her head slightly as if to rid herself of her thoughts, it wouldn't do her any good to go around feeling sorry for herself, assassins don't get depressed, especially the worlds most deadliest ones.

Raven marched around a corner which led to Nero's office and the staff's private quarters; she paused suddenly, hearing a few muffled curses from behind a closed door.

The door that happened to lead to the cafeteria's kitchen.

Raven leaned closer to the door, curiosity pricking at her. There was the sound of something smashing onto the floor and shattering, closely followed by a few angry words then a metallic clang as something else struck the ground and a yelp of pain followed by a brief smattering of expletives.

>After a few moments of silence there was a sudden exclamation of annoyance and Raven bit back a grin as the acrid smell of something burning drifted under the door.<p>

The smile, however, soon vanished as a massive bang echoed from behind the closed door and smoke emerged from around the edges of the door. Raven flung it open with an alarmed expression on her face as fire alarms started to wail.

>As the woman stepped into the kitchen she froze in disbelief, there, amidst the smoke and shattered remains of various kitchen implements sat Nero wearing a apron.<p>

'Nero?' she gasped.

The headmaster of HIVE smiled up at her, somewhat sheepishly, he held the remains of what appeared to be a cake in his hands, lifting it up to Raven he smiled, 'Happy Birthday Natalya.'

* * *

><p>So? What did you think? Personally I LOVE how Falcon's personality and great sense of humour was present in this hilariously cute fic!

Any opinions? Maybe some tips for the author or moi? Review :)

****I'd just like to take this time to thank ALL the authors who are involved in Project Drabble! I have so many people who are interested and I'm so happy on how amazing this is turning out! That said, anyone who is interested on writing a drabble/ficlet, then PM me! All is welcome!****

****Signing out!****

****~Reensiel7 (^_^)****

7. Reensiel7: Wing's New Look

****Hi everyone! It's Sunday which means: Another Drabble! This is a ficlet was probably the easiest to write. It still makes me giggle (fangirl genes...nough said) when I read it! I hope you love it as much as I do! ****

*** * ***

><p>~Wing's New **Look~_**

*** * ***

><p>"Okay, just one more strand. There. Your finished," Shelby exclaimed.<p>

"I do not know how you managed to talk me into this," Wing sighed, looking into the mirror.

"Because I'm your girlfriend. That means, you're entitled to do whatever I want you to do," she pecked him on the cheek.

"Right. Now I know," he said grinning. Suddenly he frowned, "Wait. You are sure that nobody will see me like this right?"

"Positive. I left the other two lovebirds in the library. They won't be back in a while. Plus all of this is for _my_ personal pleasure," Shelby giggled. Walking up to the tall Asian, she then laid her hands on his muscular chest. Reaching up on the tips of her toes, she kissed him.

Abruptly, the room spoke a soft beep and the door flew open. Shelby parted from Wing and glared at the door. Wing, on the other hand, looked horrified.

The two people, standing in the doorway, looked just as surprised.

Finally one of them spoke.

"Ummâ€¦Do you guys have any soap? I tried Otto's dorm but no one was there," Nigel looked at Wing, "And now I know why."

"Wow Wing! I am loving the new look! Who is been doing your hair?" Franz said happily as he went up to examine Wing's dark hair.

Everyone stared at Franz.

"Shelby, how did you get your hands on a flat iron?" Nigel asked incredulously.

Shelby shrugged, "I know a couple people in the tech stream who owe me favours."

Wing looked irritated, "Guys. Please do not tell anyone about this. Especially not Ott-"

"Wing, did you straighten your hair?" Otto asked. Laura and him were standing in the open doorway.

Another silence occurred.

"If you all will excuse me, I am going to wash my hair now in hopes that it will go back to normal," Wing trudged tiredly into the bathroom.

As soon as he left, the room erupted into fits of hysterical laughter.

* * *

><p>So let this be a lesson...NEVER let Shelby do your hair. Unless you want your hair to look like a K-pop tribute. Actually...that would be pretty awesome. ;)

See you next weekend! Oh and if you like this then check out my other new story It's a Bit of a Long Story (or Pasts as a short form)!

NUKE THE WOXES! (don't ask...my friend dared me to)

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

8. Tamarisk Gold: An Evil Prediction

**And our next guest is *drumroll* TAM! Although you guys probably could tell from the title... ;) **

Anyways I'll let Tam take over!

* * *

><p>AN: ****I'm ****honoured ****to ****be ****a ****part ****of ****Project ****Drabble. ****I've ****submitted ****a ****perfect, ****100-word ****drabble. ****I ****think ****this ****was ****an ****awesome ****idea ****and ****I ****hope ****you ****like ****this!**

Disclaimer: **Mark ****Walden ****owns ****the ****HIVE ****series; ****Nero ****owns ****HIVE, ****and ****those ****nurses ****I ****made ****up ****ALL ****BY ****MYSELF. ****Ok, ****no, ****my ****parents ****told ****me ****stories ****about ****what ****the ****nurses ****said ****when ****I ****was ****born. ****:D**

* * *

><p>~An Evil Prediction~_

* * *

><p>Mr and Mrs Trinity smiled down at their beautiful blonde-haired blue-eyed baby. They had just decided on her name: Shelby.<p>

One of the nurses who had delivered Shelby stood in the hall, looking in on the happy family with a disgusted look on her face.

"What is wrong with you?" Another nurse hissed, "You're looking at that baby like it's a cockroach."

"She's not a cockroach. But she is evil."

"Evil? She's a baby."

"Yeah. An evil baby."

"Babies can't be evil."

"This one is. Or she will be, at least. She's gonna do something absolutely vile someday."

* * *

><p>AN:****That ****nurse ****has ****a ****really ****great ****judge ****of ****character. ****Or ****else ****she's ****psychic.**

* * *

><p>Wasn't that awesome! Way to create a true, by definition drabble Tam! They are incredibly hard to write (which is why all of my fics are 100+ words) :P Anyways, check out some more of Tam's work, you surely won't regret it! :D

If you enjoyed this then spread the love! Review!

Until next week,

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

9. Reensiel7: A Very Merry Christmas

__**Hello Fandom! I know...a little late. Good news though! School ends for Hols on Friday! To be honest, I wrote this guy last night :\$ I was going to post another one but I figured to write a holiday themed one to set the Merry mood! I hope you enjoy it as much I do :) It's a cute one.**

* * *

><p>~A Very Merry Christmas~_

* * *

><p>Christmas at our apartment was generally low key. Every year it

was the same thing. On the first of December, we would put up a mini, three feet tall, plastic tree that lit up when you plugged it into the wall. That would take us five minutes. Actually fifteen, it takes us ten minutes to fish it out of the storage garage.<p>

Then we buy each other small gifts. Twenty-dollar limit. Nothing special. We exchange gifts on the 25th. At nine in the morning.

Finally, in the evening, we order in. What restaurant is open on Christmas do you ask? Chinese food, that's what.

This year though was definitely...different...

"Laura, I believe it's time to exchange gifts," Otto called.

I looked at the clock. Nine in the morning. Right on time.

"Here," I gave him a small box.

He tore open the wrapping paper. I swear, the wrapping paper is probably the highlight of his gift time. _Forget the presents, I get to shred wrapping paper to bits!_

"Oh wow Laura! This is amazing! Thank you," he gave me a hug and barely glanced at the new tablet before going back to ripping up the colourful paper.

Wellâ€|as expected, it looks like he loves the paper rather the present.

"Umm Otto...my gift?" I reminded him.

"Oh right," he gave me a knowing smile. He gave me a box, "Here."

I opened it, and saved the gift paper for Otto. Inside was a plush, hot pink penguin wearing a knit scarf.

"Otto...this is so...cute," I babbled. That was definitely an unexpected gift.

"You like it?" he grinned.

"Yeah," I plastered a fake smile.

"Well there's something else," he fumbled for a small box.

Suddenly, my heart skipped a beat. Otto got down on one knee and opened the box. Inside there was a gorgeous diamond ring.

"Laura," Otto said, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

* * *

><p>Next week, we'll be having a great fic brought to you by a mystery author that will be revealed soon :D Wait a couple more days friends!

**Happy Hols! **

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

10. WestOfTheMoonbeam: In for the Win

Hello everyone! And Merry Christmas (That is if you celebrate it!) I usually wouldn't post on such a busy day but I'm renovating my room which mean that my computer is going to be disconnected! :(Anyways, if there is no drabble next week then please forgive me. I'll still be active (on the forums and by PM) but I won't be posting any more work until the renos are over! Sorry for the inconvenience!

Anyways, this next drabble is by an upcoming new author. She just posted her first fic a little while back! Anyways, enjoy this next ficlet, it is sure to be a great Xmas gift!

* * *

><p>Hi I'm Moonbeam! Please review critically because otherwise I'll never learn! Thanks to Reensie for inviting me to write *air hug* :)
Anyway, twas a dark and stormy night...**

* * *

><p>~In for the Win~**

* * *

><p>In, out, in out.

He had to keep concentrated on his breathing, and focus on the goal in hand. He crept stealthily through the darkened corridors, avoiding the questing eyes of the security cameras.

_But wait! _

He held his breath and his belly in behind a pillar as the torch beam of a soldier swept across the corridor. He swiped away a drop of sweat from his brow as the soldier's tread carried on.

_Onto the next challenge. _

A fine net of red laser beams confronted him. He could see a way through but his foot trembled as he raised it up and over the first beam.

Come on, he mentally berated himself, _this is for the team_.

He navigated through the lethal haze, nearly falling over.

_He was there! _

He swung open the thick steel door and gently, oh so carefully, lifted out the treasure within. Cradling it to his chest, he scurried back through the traps and guards. He burst through the door.

"Finally! We thought you'd never make it!" chorused his team.

"Ja," Franz grinned, "I retrieved the prize," He said, waving a slightly melted jumbo pot of Cookie Dough ice cream above his head.

* * *

><p>Hehe oh Franz, he always cracks me up!

Thanks Moonbeam for that awesome fic and anyone else who has a drabble on hand, PM me :) Project Drabble is always open!

Until I get my computer back,

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

11. Reensiel7: Nigel Fits the Trend

___***Waves* Hello! Sorry for the long Hiatus everyone, life's been busy. But I'm now proud to say that Project Drabble is back on track! YAY!***

**This Fic is about Nigel. Now I've noticed that he is definitely one of the more underrated characters in HIVE. So today, I will share with you a short snippet of adventure that stars Mr. Nigel Darkdoom. **

On to the fic!

* * *

><p>~Nigel Fits the Trend~_

* * *

><p>Nigel looked in the mirror and grinned. He looked good. And it's not just because he had tried on stuff for the past hour but also because this one looked perfect.<p>

It fit him nicely. Black was his colour surprisingly. Though, if he would have to complain, he'd say that it was a smidge long.

Nevertheless, Nigel embraced the fact that this was probably the only time in which he would find something as amazing as this.

Franz surveyed Nigel with great detail, "Hmm it is looking nice, my little bald buddy," he laughed clapping Nigel on the back.

Nigel just grinned and replied, "Not bald Franz," he reminded him, "Not anymore."

Nigel smirked, tugging at his new black wig.

* * *

><p>We knew that day was going to come.

xD

**To be honest, I felt myself laughing throughout writing this.
**

**I hope you enjoyed it. **

Who knows, maybe I'll soon post another Drabble. Next weeks featured author is: Doireann (aka Cairdiul Paiste). Now she's prepared a real treat. She's created a mini series of Nigel & Franz fics just for you guys! SO READ ON! It'll be a good one!

WARNING *shamlessselfpromoting* By the way I've posted the new chapter of _It's a Bit of a Long Story! _Please check it out! Read, review & answer the poll that I've put on my profile! It'll help me a ton! Thanks!

~Reensiel7(^_^)

12. Cairdiul Paiste: DDTBS

**Good evening everyone! Or good _morning_â€|depending on your time zone! As expressed with the dear HIVE FF fourms, I'm in an AMAZING mood! And because I just love every single one of you, I'm posting another chappy! I'll also post a Valentine's Day themed one tomorrow! :D **

**Wowâ€|I'm definitely in the Valentine's day spirit.
Oddâ€|Hmmâ€|**

Well all of you in are in for a real treat! Today is the start of **Cairdiul Paiste****'s (aka Doireann) mini series, called **_****_**D.D.T.I.Y.A.F.W.A.F.G.N (Don't Do This If You Are Friends With A Fat German Ninja)". **_**Now this series is special because it features none other then our very large German friend, FRANZ! YAY! He's the epicentre of all comedy. **

So far, **Cairdiul Paiste**** has two in the series but I'm sure there are more on the way! **

Without any more A/N, let's give a big hand to **Cairdiul Paiste****!**

* * *

><p>Disclaimer: I wish HIVE was mine but I have to give all the credit to the genius here, Mr. Mark Walden!

* * *

><p>D.D.T.I.Y.A.F.W.A.F.G.N
#1:**_

**~D.D.T.B.S. (Don't Disturb The Beauty Sleep)~**

* * *

><p>Franz smiled bashfully.<p>

"You are looking wonderful tonight."

His companion giggled. "Oh please, Franz, you're making me blush. You're one to talk â€" looking so dapper in that suit of yours!"

Franz lifted the box beside him. "Chocolate? I had them flown into here special. Just for you."

She clasped her hands in delight. "I adore chocolates. How did you know these ones were my favourite?"

Franz shrugged nonchalantly. "They were being the only one worthy of you." He handed over the exquisitely wrapped box and then rummaged in the picnic basket beside him. Franz looked up to notice that his companion was much closer than she was three seconds ago. She batted her eyelashes.

They moved in closer.

Franz's heartbeat accelerated.

"Franz, Iâ€|" her voice trailed away.

He closed his eyes and closed the gapâ€|

"Franz? It's half seven. You're going to be late! Franz? Wake up! FRANZ ARGENTBLUM I'LL FEED YOU TO A RELATION OF VIOLET'S IF YOU DON'T-"

Franz shot upright in his bed and stared in shock at Nigel Darkdoom, his best friend and roommate.

Nigel swallowed nervously at the look Franz gave him.

"You remember what happened last time you overslept, don't you? I certainly remember the smell after you came back from detention with Colonel Francisco. And then you threw up. On me. That I vividly remember."

Franz swallowed and moved closer towards the bald boy.

"Em, Franz? What's with the look in your eyes...?"

-(0)(-)(0)-

Down in the main cavern, Wing, Laura, Shelby and Otto were sitting on the couches next to the pool. The incessant pounding of the waterfall created a thin mist that wafted into Laura's face as she gazed into its seemingly bottomless depths. She rotated her head to get rid of the crick in her neck and looked over at her friends. Otto was sprawled across the sofa opposite her. He met her gaze and winked at her. Shelby was half-asleep on Wing's shoulder.

"Where's Nigel and Silent Death?" murmured Shelby softly.

Wing responded in a monotone. "Franz is chasing Nigel down the hall of the cells three levels up towards us."

"Oh," said Shelby. "Forget I asked. It's too early for sarcasm."

Laura looked up and instantly dived behind the safety of the table.

SPLASH!

Nigel climbed wearily out of the pool and collapsed onto the soaking carpet. He pulled himself to his feet to see Otto, Wing and Shelby stare at him in shock. Laura grinned behind them, the only one not soaking wet.

"Any particular reason?" Otto's voice trailed off.

"Never," Nigel began, "_Ever_", let Franz oversleep. He prefers to be woken up early. So please, to avoid having to dive into the pool to escape his wrath, pour a bucket of water over his head to bring him back to the land of the living. _Understand_?"

* * *

><p>Ohhhh Nigel. I gotta pity the kid at some points. Then I remember that he's at HIVE. My pity for him dissolves instantly.

This is the first addition to Doireann's series so review! And check out her other stories too! They are amazing :D

Soâ€|until tomorrowâ€|hopefully.

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

13. Reensiel7: A Valentine's Day Surprise

â€|**Valentine's Day. How was yours? Usually my Valentine's Day is like any other day, except for the few couples who think that excessive PDA is allowed ONLY on this day. Fun stuff really. This yearâ€|kinda different for me. Now I'm not gonna bore you guys with all of the details because I know that you are here to read the Valentine's Drabble. Soooâ€|let's just sayâ€|my day was veryâ€|entertaining to say the least xD **

**This Drabble is dedicated to all of those out there who are alone (heckyasinglerocks!), who are in a relationship, orâ€|who fit into neither. It's dedicated to the people who dream that one day their prince(ss) will be there, a ruby rose in his hand, forever proclaiming his(her) love for you. Believe me, as a hormonal teenager, I've thought about that! That one day, I'm going to find the guy of my dreams and it's going to be perfect. **

**And the truth isâ€|it will be. Love is very powerfull you know ;) I guess what I'm trying to say is that love is apparent, in any situation and when you find the one, you'll know it :) **

**I bet a bunch of you are looking at me like 0.o **

Yeahâ€|I can be deep and gooey! Pshhhâ€| xD

Oh goodnessâ€|it seems that my A/N is actually longer than my Drabbleâ€|sorry about that :\$

****HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!****

* * *

><p>~ A Valentine's Day Surprise ~_

* * *

><p>"Wing! You have to get her something!" Otto yelled.<p>

"Why? Valentine's day is a highly over-rated holiday. I do not need to get her a gift," Wing replied stubbornly crossing his arms.

"But you do!" Otto looked at the taller boy, exasperation in his eyes, "You love her right? So show her you do!"

__-(0)(-)(0)-__

"Happy Valentine's day Shelby," Wing smiled down at Shelby and showed her the gift. Immediately he sneezed into his arm.

"Bless you," she laughed as she took the colourful bouquet, "Wow these are beautiful Wing! Where did you manage to score these?"

He shrugged, "Franz and Nigel had their own Valentine's day florist company available to guys."

"Well these are great! You are the best ninja boyfriend in the world!" She grinned.

"Shelby," he started, "I-"

He sneezed...in her face.

"I...think I'm allergic to these flowers."

* * *

><p>Wingâ€|

****You weren't expecting that were you?****

****Well then.****

****~Reensie (^_^)****

14. PoisonElf: Lollipops

****Hi everyone! Sorry for not posting on the weekend but technically for meâ€|it's a weekendâ€|of sorts! I didn't have school today (family day) so I had a great relaxing weekend full of sleep. Okayâ€|that was a lie. I forgot to reset my alarm so it woke me up at 6. 0.0 Yeahâ€|I'm a smart one. I had to lazily fall out of bed and manage to turn off the dang thing with my eyes closed because I refused to open them and let all the bright light ruin my half sleepedness. 'Sleepedness' that's definitely not a really word. Excuse my rant. ****

****Meh.****

****SO! This next wonderful drabble is by one of my friends named PoisonElf. Elf has written an incredible cute ficlet called "Lollipops". I hope you enjoy it as much as I did! :D****

*** * ***

><p>Disclaimer: All of these characters belong to Mark Walden, the ultimate Overlord.

*** * ***

><p>~ Lollipops ~**

*** * ***

><p>Wing stood there in shock, all he could see was little wrappers of some kind. In the middle of the pile he was able to make out the form of Shelby, with a small thin white stick in her mouth. Wing watched her as she moved the thin white stick from one side of her mouth to the other; he raised an eyebrow and tried to get over to his bed.<p>

Finally he was able to find his bed and he somehow flopped down on it gracefully. He was just about to ask Shelby what she was doing when she suddenly asked, "Want one?"

Wing looked at her strangely, before shaking his head and started to try and find his book he was reading, "No thank you . . . What is it anyway?"

Shelby looked at him like he hadn't heard of Albert Einstein, which he hadn't. Wing just calmly carried on reading his book, until Shelby suddenly came up and took it from him, he opened his mouth to say something but she shoved a smallish ball on a stick in his mouth like she had. A sweet vanilla taste entered Wing's mouth and he stared at Shelby, not in an evil way, but in a what-the-heck-is-this sort of stare.

Shelby sighed and did a face palm and winced slightly as she face palmed too hard.

"You are useless Wing, you really are" Shelby mumbled, but loud enough so he could hear her.

Wing looked at Shelby with a hurt face.

"I am not; I merely grew up in a place where we did not have this type of things, nor did we need them," Wing stated.

Shelby looked at him in defeat she knew there was no point in trying to explain because she knew he wouldn't understand.

Sighing, Shelby got up and sat on Wing's lap. He wasn't expecting that so he jumped ever so slightly. Of course Shelby noticed and smirked. Wing hoped that she wouldn't mention it, he never liked being taken by surprise and he knew he should have sensed her.

But some strange emotion was blocking his sense; he never felt this way before so why now? Maybe because he was alone with Shelby, maybe he was coming down with something. Either way, he needed to know so he can find a way to get rid of the emotion.
>Shelby noticed Wing in deep thought and she wondered what he was thinking so hard about.<p>

So she leant over to him near his face and removed the lollipop from his mouth, and kissed him softly on his lips, to her surprise he, after a short time, started to kiss back. She pulled away from him and grinned, earning a small smile back.

Shelby curled up on Wing and he closed his eyes, after a while Shelby was about to ask Wing if something was the matter but she soon heard his snoring. She smiled softly and also went to sleep, knowing that he loved her.

* * *

><p>Awww ShelbyXWing fics make my heart melt. Elf has a couple of HIVE stories that are simply amazing. I totally recommend Claustrophobia, it's brilliant! :) **

Well that's it for now.

See ya!

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

15. Reensiel7: Smiles and Riles

Sup people? Well I just had an amazing week! Semi formal was awesome xD Quite wild but amazing!

**A new ficlet is waiting! This one is about Otto being...well Otto-like and Nigel being...Nigel-like. Yeah...the usual. But it's kinda funny because it involves a banana! YES! I think out of all of the fruits, Bananas are the funniest. We had a Bananas In Pajamas day on Friday and I giggled at the posters that had Bananas in Pajamas (yeah, I'm aware that it's a show). **

...Sorry for the hyperness. I'm just SUPER giddy today!

**I give a large thank you to the people who informed me about chapter 14 and the issues with that! I think I fixed it but please tell me if I haven't. I don't understand why some of you could read it and others couldn't! **

Well...enough chat...DRABBLE TIME!

* * *

><p>~Smiles and Riles~_

* * *

><p>"Do we have to do this?" Nigel sighed.<p>

"Of course Nigel! You've been acting glum lately so I thought that

I'd cheer you up," Otto clapped his depressed friend on the back, "Nothing is funnier than slapstick comedy!"

The two boys were crouched behind a couch; Otto was watching a certain area very carefully while Nigel just twiddled sadly with his thumbs.

"What are we exactly waiting for?" Nigel asked a few minutes later.

"Well my friend, right in front of that doorway to the elevator I placed a banana peel. Now if we wait for someone to come out or go into the elevator then they will slip and fall. Simple physics! It'll be hilarious!" Otto grinned.

"How long is this going to take?" Nigel groaned, lazily watching the elevator, "I'd like to check up on Veronica, my new species."

Otto turned his back from the elevator, giving Nigel quite a shocked look, "So you are saying that you'd rather go to the lab than watch someone get hurt?"

"Yeah, as fun as that sounds, I'd rather go to the lab," Nigel yawned. Suddenly he saw something, more like someone come out of the elevator. His eyes grew wide as that person slipped on the slippery fruit peel, "Uhhh Ottoâ€|"

"Honestly kid! When someone slips on that peel, you'll explode in laughter!" Otto threw his hands in the air.

"Ottoâ€"

"Noâ€|I don't want to hear it! I planted that peel and I want to see this. So head off to your little garden," Otto spat at Nigel.

"Okay," Nigel sped off rapidly without another word.

"Wow is it just me or has that guy gotten faster...?" Otto muttered, turning back to the set up. But instead, he found himself staring at someone's pants. Looking up, he saw the angry face of Wing Fanchu, a banana peel clutched helplessly in his hand.

"Ottoâ€|will you please explain to me the reason of that surprise outside of the elevator?" Wing snarled.

-)()-0-()(-

Nigel laughed, "Your right Otto, that was hilarious! You and Wing playing cat and mouse, I mean. Wing beat you up pretty badly!"

Otto glared up, from his infirmary bed, at his very amused friend.

* * *

><p>Ahh it had to be Wing to slip on the peel. Otherwise it wouldn't have been as funny. xD**

**Have an amazing week everyone! **

****Oh and some shameless advertising: Please check out my other story
It's a Bit of a Long Story. It's long but cute. :D****

****~Reensiel7 (^_^)****

16. Falcon31: Lucy Malpense

****Hi everyone. Long time no post. School. That's my excuse. ****

****To tell you the truth today isn't a good day to post for me so I'm
sorry if I seem a little out of it. Death is a terrible
thing...****

****Anyways, today's story is written by Falcon. This story, even
throughout the hardships, made me smile. I hope it makes you smile
too :)****

*** * ***

><p>Wing sighed, raising his eyes to the blue sky above.<p>

'Otto,' he began looking exasperated, 'Could you at least try to
relax?'

All he received was a glare, Otto was pacing back and forth on the
back lawn of his and Laura's house, 'No,' he snapped.

Wing drew breath to reply but let it out with a wearied expression on
his face, his attempts seemed completely futile.

'What if something goes wrong,' fretted Otto an anxious expression on
his face, 'I should have told her not to have a home
birth...'

'Otto,' said Wing firmly, looking annoyed, 'Nothing will go
wrong!'

'But it's her first baby,' replied Otto feebly.

Wing sighed; Otto had got married to Laura a little while ago and had
decided to have a baby; and Otto was worrying his head off about
Laura who was in the process of giving birth.

Otto suddenly frowned and paused, 'I don't exactly remember you being
Mr. Calm and Collected when Shelby had her baby,' he said
accusingly.

Wing coughed and cleared his throat, 'No, I don't suppose so,' he
said relenting. Maybe he should just give up arguing with Otto, it
was stressful enough already.

There was a sudden wailing from behind them, 'Here we go,' commented
Wing to no-one in particular, before turning around and picking a
baby out of the pram behind him then cradled his five month old baby
in his arms gently rocked him, 'Mum will be back soon.'

A sudden scream issued from the house and Otto almost collapsed to
the ground in a dead faint.

Wing had to resist the urge to thump his friend, but briefly remembered how he'd acted when Shelby had given birth to Josh.

There was silence for a few moments broken only by a few soft whimpers from Josh.

>Shelby suddenly stepped out of the house and smiled at Otto, 'Would you like to meet your baby girl?'<p>

She was almost knocked flat by Otto charging through the door.

Otto galloped into their room, he didn't notice the two midwives, only his child and wife who lay back in the bed looking exhausted, in her arms she held a squealing baby, she was wrinkly with her face screwed up and clenched fists flailing around; the most perfect sight Otto had seen.

He sat down next to Laura, staring at his daughter.

'So,' said Laura smiled, 'What shall we call her?'

Otto looked up from the baby on Laura's lap to her face, 'Lucy,' he said softly.

'Lucy Malpense,' repeated Laura softly, 'Well Lucy, why don't you go meet your Dad.'

As Otto held his daughter he smiled a widely, it seemed as if nothing could make him feel more happy than he did now.

* * *

><p>Thank you Falcon for writing an incredibly cute story! :)

So lately, I've been popping in and out of FF and RL and I'll probably continue that. Sorry if I haven't been responsive lately. I'll continue sending PMs, E-mails and Postings but they may be a smidge spread out than usual. Just until school slows and I get my muse back. This month is very busy, music wise for me, as well. I have three competitions in the next month so I will be busy preparing. Don't worry though, I'm still writing FF! :D

I give a big thanks to all the writers and supporters in this Fandom, you all truly inspiring me :)

~Reensie (^_^)

17. Reensie17: Plotting Moods

Hellooooooooooooo! Thanks to the fans who constantly nagged me to post another chapter (I needed that). So here it is! A short and sweet one (less than 100 words) aboutâ€|well what the Fab Four does best!

* * *

><p>~ Plotting Moods ~_

* * *

><p>"Otto you look like you are in a plotting mood," Wing noted.<p>

"Pretty much. But everything has been done alreadyâ€¦chemicals in the lunch food, mutant plants, spray painting the grappler caverns, hacking into the PA systemâ€¦There's just nothing good left!" Otto exclaimed, attempting to use chopsticks on his spaghetti.

"Wellâ€¦not everything has been done yet," Shelby said deviously, playing with her own lunch.

Otto perked up, "What exactly are you suggesting?"

Shelby grabbed a handful of her salad and threw it at Otto's face, "FOOD FIGHT!"

* * *

><p>There just needed to be a food fight. They are classic.**

Like the drabble? Review! (Because lately, my muse has disappearedâ€¦)

**Reviews help we write AND post! **

Have a great week!

~Reensie (^_^)

18. Cairdiul Paiste: DMWHW

**HELLO! **

Remember chappy 12? *Jumps back to chapter 12* My good friend **Cairdiul Paiste (or as I call her, Doireann), has written ANOTHER awesome ficlet to continue her hilarious Franz-related series! **

****I present to you **_Don't Do This If You Are Friends With A Fat German Ninja #2_*****

****Enjoy! :)****

* * *

><p>D.D.T.I.Y.A.F.W.A.F.G.N #2_**

~D.M.W.H.W. (Don't Mess With His Wabbit)~

* * *

><p>Nigel looked at his latest project with pride: Rosaline was a Venus Flytrap that he had carefully grown to the size of a small horse. She only had one trap and would stay at the size she was now until she died. Which would probably be when Nero discovered he had

been experimenting again. He had just fed her and she would hopefully not be hungry again until the day after next.<p>

He turned to leaf through the extensive records he had written and was just recording her receptiveness to light when Franz burst into Greenhouse Four.

"NIGEL! Nigel! Is you seen Cornelius?" he panted. In his hand was a bright pink collar.

Nigel tilted his head. "Cornelius?"

Franz started pulling at his hair. "Cornelius! Oh Where oh where is you?"

Nigel shook his head in disbelief as Franz continued to whine on about the disappearance of his beloved "Cornelius". He resumed writing in notes and attempted to block out Franz.

"Oh Cornelius, I came to feed you! Where is you hiding?"

The Darkdoom boy swallowed nervously.

"He is white and fluffy, Nigel, is you sure you have not seen him? Floppy ears that twitch?"

Nigel shook his head causally. "Sorry Franz."

Franz turned to leave. "I will be looking for my wabbit elsewhere, then."

Nigel exhaled in relief. It seemed he was in the clear. He looked at the doorway, expecting to see Franz's shadow slipping out of the room.

But he wasn't there.

Instead, Franz was standing in front of Rosaline, seemingly fascinated.

Except Franz wasn't staring in awe at her size, vivid green colour or her thick stem.

He was looking at the patch of white fur stuck between the pair of leaf-blades.

Franz turned pink.

Then red.

Then purple.

Nigel stepped backwards slowly and he stepped on a stray piece of paper and it crinkled.

Loudly.

Franz gave Nigel a vicious & hateful glare. And subsequently shifted his weight forward. Nigel squealed and ran out of the greenhouse, Franz in hot pursuit.

Next time, he would make sure he wasn't feeding his projects someone's pet.

* * *

><p>Check out her other fics, they are just as AMAZING!

**~D~

So...let this be a lesson: DON'T MESS WITH DA WABBIT!

**And on that note...~

Catch ya on the flip side!

~Reensiel7 (^_^)

19. Reensiel7: Mission Disney World

***Peeks slowly from behind a rock* Hi everyone.**

**Okay all of you have the right to be royal miffed at me. :\$ **

**I haven't updated in SO long and I'd be surprised if I still had some followers...~

So this next chapter is written by moi and it's been on my "to write" list for quite some time.

**And well, here it for you, wrapped up neatly with a sequined bow on top *a la Franz* **

Disclaimer: ALL of the characters do not belong to me. That honor is given to Mark Walden and Walt Disney *the two greatest people in the world*

Wow I never thought I'd have the words "Mark Walden" and "Walt Disney" in the same sentence. O_O

* * *

><p>~Mission: Disney World~**

* * *

><p>"Okay I'm here," Raven spoke into her blackbox while hiding behind a thick hedge, "The location is loud, perhaps a public area? With a lot of children..."<p>

"Good job Raven!" The man on the other side of the blackbox spoke, "Now the next part is to get inside. It'll be hard, the security is tight, but I have full faith in you."

"Of course Max," she nodded.

Raven skillfully traveled over the hedge and landed gracefully on the other side.

"Daddy look! It's the wicked witch," a young girl pointed excitedly at Raven and called at her bored father.

"Oh it is sweetie," he said, unenthusiastic, "Come on, Mommy is meeting us by Cinderella's Castle."

"Huh...?" For the first time in a long while, Raven was confused and disoriented. It looked like she landed in a fairy tale. There were pictures of princesses and cartoon characters everywhere. Not to mention it was filled to the brim with snot-nosed children (with the occasional excited teenager). She didn't understand where she was.

"Uhh Max...what is this?" She finally asked.

"Well Raven, the HIVE staff have come to the conclusion that you need a vacation. In short...welcome to Disney World."

Shortly after Dr. Nero spoke, a life sized Donald Duck waddled up to Raven. Making the biggest mistake of his life, he proceeded to greet the furious Russian. She rudely replied by punching him in the oversized head and kicking him in the lower half, right between his orange, stubby legs, knocking him out instantly

"You have GOT to be kidding me," Raven muttered, "I'm going to _kill _you Max!"

* * *

><p>Hehe WHO DOESN'T LIKE DISNEY WORLD?

Raven apparently...

Review please :)

~Reensie (^_^)

20. I'mTheGirlWhoLearnedToFly: The Bet

The one thing I love about summer is...the music. I currently have a list of my 'Summer Jams' that are on a repeat in my head...

Oops...off topic. :\$

I will post that list on my profile *where it belongs*

Excuse me...

**The next chap is here! This week's featured author is _I'mTheGirlWhoLearnedToFly_! **

My close personal friend here has unfortunately been abducted...by aliens :(Well...that's the theory anyways...

I still think aliens are involved.

**Anyways, I'll let Fly take over! Enjoy this ficlet everyone!

*IknowIdid***

* * *

><p>For all we know, this might have happened,
guys.

**"Speak the unspeakable phase...'I love you, too'"-lyric from There
For You, by Flyleaf**

**"Hurry the hell up and 'fess your feelings for each other
already!"-me, on the subject of NeroXRaven.**

* * *

><p>~The Bet~**

* * *

><p>Nero waited impatiently for Raven; Joseph Wright was demanding a
meeting in London, and Max knew that Natalya's usual body armour was
hardly appropriate attire for Don Giovanni. He let his mind drift to
what she might wear to the opera...<p>

Soft footfalls alerted him to her presence, and he turned around. His
greeting dried up in his throat the moment he saw her; she was
wearing a stunning black cocktail dress, smiling a radiant smile
which would have lit up the dark side of the moon, her hair open and
flowing around her face like a dark halo. Graceful and elegant, it
was as if she was floating across the floor. She looked at him, and
for a brief moment Max could have sworn he felt his heart stop.

She was...there was no other word for it...beautiful.

"Shall we go?" she asked him, seemingly oblivious to his reaction. He
just nodded; he didn't trust himself to
speak.

-)()-0-()(-

Meanwhile, in the ventilation shaft above the hall, two Alphas were
sharing a pair of binoculars.

"Well, his jaw dropped a bit," the albino conceded, "A bit."

"A bit? Oh, shut up," the blonde replied in irritation, "He was
completely blown off his feet and you know that."

Otto sighed grudgingly, "Well...okay fine, you won the bet. Nero is
in love with Raven."

* * *

><p>Ahh Fly, we are all wishing that NeroxRaven will
happen...but sadly it isn't official...yet ;)

**I actually have some news! Unfortunately, I will be closing Drabble
submissions as Project Drabble is near it's end. :(Thanks to
everyone who's submitted them, Project Drabble would be literally
nothing without all of your beautiful work! :D But don't worry, I

still have about 10(ish) more drabbles in the lineup, so it won't end anytime soon ;D**

For any more news, check out my profile! I have (in depth) updates of what I'm doing as an author! And the updates are posted weekly! Err...monthly...okay really whenever I actually get the initiative to update xD

Thank you for putting up with my laziness!

~Reensiel7 (:

21. Reensiel7: Albino or Apparatus?

So summer is almost finished for me and I know most of you are already started school (mine starts on Tuesday). Tis the long weekend that symbolizes the end of summer...*sigh* _What I wonderful time to post a chapter of drabbles! _I thought, happily...oh and the fact that I haven't updated in more than a month *cringes*

**I'll keep this A/N short (cuz lately they've become longer than the fics :/) Starting this drabble, I'm beginning a mini series with my drabbles called, "_The Ottofiles"._ Drabbles and ficlets staring none other than our hilarious, eccentric, egotistical and mischievous Otto Malpense. **

**These fics are dedicated to my fellow Otto loving readers. Because a world without Otto is a world without fun.
*nodsseriously***

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>The Ottofiles: 1

**_~Albino or Apparatus?~_
>

* * *

><p>"Otto I've been thinking," Laura approached her eccentric fellow.<p>

"Yes?"

"I don't think that escaping HIVE would be the best option for you."

Otto stared at her, confused, "Excuse me? And why is that?"

"Well I read that your kind is extremely sensitive to sunlight. So you'd _constantly _have to wear sunscreen," she said, concerned.

"What?"

"And your eyes...they are also sensitive, you'd have to wear sunglasses all the time to protect them."

"Wait...what in the world are you droning on about?!" Otto demanded.

"Well, you _are _an Albino right?" Laura asked.

Otto started at her blankly, "Laura...I'm a clone of a _computer_. _Not_ an _albino!_"

"But you have white hair...and translucent skin!" she argued.

Unfortunately, Laura did not see the dramatic face palm that Otto then performed.

* * *

><p>Now that school is starting up and I'm more in the swing of a schedule, I'm hoping to post a new chap of PD every week or other week. We'll say Friday is the magical day (cuz Fridays are cool yo!) And make sure to watch for updates in my other fics ;)

Have an amazing week everyone!

~Reensie :3

22. Cairdiul Paiste: DIDT

GOBBLEGOBBLE. Yes. Er. Thanksgiving. _Canadian _Thanksgiving that is. I was all ready to post my chappy on Friday too! I came home ready to do it when...

My computer was off to dinner...so to speak. But I've finally got a hold of it and hopefully this chappy will be alright ;D Thanks mosgem by the way, your reminders really did help me from not completely smashing my computer to bits :P Because that would be bad..._really_ bad. Instead those helpful hints encouraged me to quickly repair my com. Thank you again :D

Anyways...

sobs

My friends, we've come to the end of Doireann's mini series of hysterical-laughter-and-literally-rolling-of-the-floor-laughing (as I love to call it).

Remember?

flashbacks to chappy 12 & 18

Please, cherish this story as if it were your own. And by own I mean your own pancake. Because who doesn't like pancakes?

Er maybe not the best metaphor...we do _eat_ pancakes. Okay well if you want to eat this ficlet then do so while I'm not watching.

****Excuse my randomness people. I'm stuffed from my good old Thanksgiving dinner. Which consists of myself eating everything at the table like a rogue vacuum cleaner. :3****

****On to the story! (:****

*** * ***

><p>D.D.T.I.Y.A.F.W.A.F.G.N #3_

**~D.I.T.D. (Devil's in the Details)~**

*** * ***

><p>All was quiet in on a winding street somewhere in suburbia.<p>

Neither a dog barked, cat hissed or bird tweeted.

Which was all to be expected, considering the absurd time of 02:42.

A solitary mouse crept out onto the road, enticed by the smell of something quite different from the norm. He paused in the middle of a manhole and examined its circumference. Something was comingâ€|that something smelled very niceâ€|that something was two someones hefting some heavy bags over the certain someones' shoulders.

Franz Argentblum gently lifted the manhole cover up and turned slowly to get a 360° view.

All was clear.

He pulled himself out and placed the sacks in a neat pile behind him. His companion passed him a last bag and then emerged from the darkness.

Nigel Darkdoom replaced the manhole cover and examined their surroundings. Windows were veiled by curtains, doors were closed and gates were firmly shut. There were no lights on and Nigel planned on keeping it that way.

He nodded at Franz who immediately did a happy dance.

The Dynamic Duo were on a field-trip, of sorts. Some files had gone on senior G.L.O.V.E. members had gone "missing" and Nero had sent them to take care of it. Which made perfect sense. Of course Nero would send two relatively untested third year students to procure something he'd normally send three battalions to get.

Nigel hated being tested.

And so they had been bid goodbye by the Fab Four (Otto was incredibly giddy and Shelby had been acting over-emotional for some reason, giving them both hugs which Franz enjoyed and Nigel realized right then that he was dead meat next time Wing got a hold of himâ€|err _if_they survived this mission). They left the Island they called home (praying for it to be over), cobbled together a make-shift plan (which Nigel was certain the Fab Four could have made a much better job of), flown to some unassuming American metropolis (names were not

important), broken into a federal building (pffffffffffffffffft), cracked open a safe or three (why Shelby wasn't called in, Nigel didn't understand), gotten the stolen intel (finally), escaped through the sewers (which smelled worse than Tactical Education's changing rooms) and finally all they had to do now was escape in the get-away-vee-hee-cle conveniently left out for them, and drive to the rendezvous.

It had seemed more straightforward on paper.

Nigel quickly spotted the car, parked next to an Aston Martin DB9. Nigel did not believe in coincidences. Considering the affluent neighbourhood they were in, it would be just his luck to get the oldest, dirtiest, and most ill kept car there.

Ignoring Franz's continuation of the happy dance, Nigel piled the sacks next to the car and asked Franz for the keys.

Franz stopped mid-shuffle. "What keys?"

"The keys that we need to open the car so we can put the stuff in and escape?" said Nigel slowly.

Franz patted down his pockets. "It is not being in my possession. You are having it."

"No I don't."

This was strange. He was sure that Nero had given them the keys, right before the others said good luck and "â€"

Oh no.

Oh please no.

"Nigel! People is being waking up soon!"

The keys. Their departure.

Shelby.

Otto.

Now all he had to do was not tell Franz.

"Hey Franz, I think Shelby stole the keys."

Oops.

"NIGEL!" screeched Franz. A light flickered on in the house behind them and Nigel gave him the Look. Worse than the How-Dare-You-Eat-My-Cadbury's-I-Had-Smuggled-In, but not as bad as the Don't-You-Put-Silver-Polish-In-My-Shampoo-Bottle-Since-The-Mirror-Is-Cracked. It was the Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-Blah-I-Shall-Fed-You-To-My-Hydroponics-Project-If-You-Don't-Shut-Up, look.

Franz smiled meekly. "Nigel!" he hissed. "Do you not be having a spare?"

Nigel rummaged in the small bag they had brought with them, then the next, then the next, and finally ending up next to the Aston Martin.

Which had the spare set of keys on the seat.

Which was locked.

Franz frantically walloped the windscreen. Which set off the alarm.

A winding street somewhere in suburbia was woken rudely one morning by the annoying wail of a car alarm. Milk was spilt, tears were shed as one seemingly upstanding citizen discovered the love of his life, the best woman he'd ever known, she who didn't nag, spend his money on flimsy shoes or fill the fridge with rabbit food, had been stolen by a pair of juvenile delinquents, a pathetic cast-off left in her face.

* * *

><p>Hehe...Franz and Nigel never tire me out
xD

Thanks for that awesome fic Cairdiul Paiste!

And watch for next week! Preview Time *coolmusic*

Ottofiles: _2_

"Anyways..." Otto continued, "We need a theme day."

_ It was Shelby's turn to give a questioning look. _

_ "Just hear me out," Otto defended, "Normal public schools do this all the time! And it works like a charm!"_

Hehe...Otto...such a _special _kid.

~Reensiel7 :3

23. Reensiel7: Pre-Exam Stress

The Ottofiles: 2

**~Pre-Exam Stress~**

* * *

><p>"I've just got the BEST idea!" Otto suddenly exclaimed, giving Laura a minor heart attack and made Wing do his signature eyebrow lift.<p>

"And this so called idea is?" Shelby asked bored from studying. She was instead filing her nails, whilst draped over one of the plush library couches.

"You know exam days are so tense and stressful? Well we need

something to just evaporate the stress!" Otto said excitedly.

Shelby gasped in delight, "A hot tub?!"

Otto resulted to give her a questioning look.

Laura replied, "Err probably not. Otto and I could do that in our sleep. We'd just need to make a minor virus that could be launched into the pool's control panel..."

Shelby gaped in disbelief, "Well if it was THAT simple, then why hasn't it been done?! We could really use a hot tub Brand!"

"Some of us are currently studying for exams Shel. And by some of us I mean everyone but YOU," Laura snapped back, returning to her Villainy Studies revision.

"Anyways..." Otto continued, "We need a theme day."

It was Shelby's turn to give a questioning look.

"Just hear me out," Otto defended, "Normal public schools do this all the time! And it works like a charm!"

"And what theme day are you thinking of?" Wing asked flatly, joining the conversation.

"SUPERHERO DAY!" Otto nearly shouted. A few annoyed stares were thrown towards his direction, including a very confused looking Dr. Nero, who was doing his rounds around the school during the always entertaining exam period.

"Err what?" Shelby asked.

"Superhero day! I always thought that I'd be a good batman."

"In that case, I call being cat woman," Laura murmured, her face buried in her book. Luckily, Wing was the only one who heard and he gave a slight smirk.

"Otto," Shelby said slowly. It was the same tone that one would use when dealing with a particularly strong-minded child. Then again, Otto did qualify, "I'm not sure if that is a good idea. Unless you want to be beaten up..."

"What do you mean?" He asked innocently.

"I'm not sure if you realize this, but we are in a school of villains, superheros are our enemies."

Otto tilted his head in incoherent-ness.

"Give it a second to sink in," Laura spoke up.

Finally a look of realization spread slowly over the boy's face.

"Erm, then how about a Villain Day?" Otto said meekly.

"I still vote for the hot tub."

* * *

><p>Hello everyone! Happy belated New Years! I decided to post this because life is pretty managable, exams for me are coming up (making this fic quite more relatable) and on a more unrelated topic...my birthday is tomorrow :3

**I'm gonna try putting A/N only at the end from now on because for those of you who really do not like my rambling (understandable ;D) you guys don't have to put up with me going on and on before the fic. That would probably get you out of the mood to read :P **

One of my New Year's resolutions is to post quicker! (Probably my hardest resolution) But with you guys to help me, I'm sure I'll be able to do it :D Thank you especially to pidgey who helped kick me into action mode. I probably wouldn't have posted if she hadn't reminded me :3

Anyways, I'm off! Hope you enjoyed this week's Ottofiles! Next time will be featuring the wonderful Aranel Azamai!

Until then,

~Reensie :3

24. Aranel Azamai: Kiss and Tell

A/N (from Aranel Azamai): Alright, so, I always wondered how Otto and Laura found out about Shelby and Wing during Zero Hour. There were many possibilities, but this one seemed the most likely... to me anyway. This takes place right around the time they all get back to H.I.V.E.

* * *

><p>~Kiss and Tell~_

* * *

><p>Four friends walked slowly into the H.I.V.E. cafeteria in silence. Two walking in front, not seemingly paying attention to anything. Two walked slightly behind, silently mouthing a conversation to each other. The blonde girl seemed to be asking a question, and the tall, Asian boy beside her just shrugged in response. They both looked back at the two walking in front of them, then back at each other, still looking like they had no idea what to do.<p>

"Should we?"

"I do not know."

However they were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a rather large, rather _loud_, German boy.

"Guys!" he cried as he ran towards the two people walking in front of them. The blonde and Asian quickly looked at each other nervously, "Have you been hearing about all the kissing, ja?" he asked,

smirking, and referencing to the surprised back pair.

The others instantly turned to stare at them. "Well," the blonde noted, "That takes care of that."

* * *

><p>Hello all! I just loved this drabble from Aranel, it's short and sweet! :D Thank you so much!

**And if all of you like it, please let us know
*coughREVIEWcough***

On another note, I'm sorry for my longest hiatus yet and I hope that I still have some readers out there! Thank you to all of you who kicked me to get this posted, or asked me to see if I was alright...or presumed I was dead *notnaminganynames* ;D

If you want to see update progress on each of my WIP fics, please check out my profile for more info!

~Reensie :3

End
file.